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11-1-1877

# Providence Independent, V. 3, Thursday, November 1, 1877, [Whole Number: 124]

Providence Independent

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# PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS—NEUTRAL IN NOTHING.

VOL. 3.

TRAPPE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1877.

WHOLE NUMBER, 124.

## Hush.

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,  
"For my heart beats loud and fast,  
But surely in the far distance  
I can hear a sound at last.  
It is only the reapers singing  
As they carry home their sheaves;  
And the evening air has risen,  
And rustles the drying leaves."  
"Listen! there are voices talking!"  
Calmly still she strove to speak,  
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,  
And the red flushed in her cheek,  
"It is only the children playing  
Below, now their work is done,  
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled  
By the rays of the setting sun."  
Fainter grew their voices, and weaker,  
As with anxious eyes she cried,  
"Down the avenue of Chestnuts,  
I can hear a horseman ride."  
"It was only the deer that were feeding  
In a herb on the clover grass.  
They were startled and fled to the thicket,  
As they saw the reapers pass."  
Now the night arose in silence,  
Birds lay in their leafy nest,  
And the deer crouched in the forest,  
And the children were at rest,  
There was only a sound of weeping  
From watchers around a bed;  
But to rest a weary spirit,  
Peace to the quiet dead.

## The Old Fish-Pond.

Green growths of mosses drip and bead  
Around the granite brink;  
And 'twixt the isles of water-weed  
The wood-birds dip and drink.  
Slow oars around the edge steep;  
Swift-darting water flies  
Shoot on the surface; down the deep  
Dark fishes gloom and rise.  
Hard Mousar there, by right of might—  
An ancient Autocrat—  
Wooes "good old rule" is "Appetite  
And subjects fresh and fat!"  
While they—poor things—in wan despair  
Still hope for years in him,  
And dying, hand from him to help  
The day now waned and dim.  
Who knows what lurks beneath the tide?  
Who knows what rale? Belike  
Those "anties vast and shadows hile  
Some pariah-like pike—  
Some tough old tyrant, wrinkle-jawed  
For whom the sky, the earth,  
Have but for him to look on awed  
And watch him wax in girth—  
When the pond's terror too must go;  
Or, creeping in by stealth  
A bolder race, at one fell blow,  
Shall found a commonwealth.  
Who knows? Meanwhile the mosses bead  
Around the granite brink,  
And 'twixt the isles of water-weed  
The wood-birds dip and drink.

## "DI'S MAID."

BY C. M. STANLEY.

Di Devlin was my cousin—young, pretty, and spoiled—the only child and heiress of a rich man who adored her. Emily Graham was her maid, also young and more than pretty—refined, accomplished, elegant, and beautiful, in intellect, culture, grace and dignity, far superior to her mistress. But Emily was very poor. Her father's death (he had been a clergyman, and died of consumption) had left her and her delicate mother destitute and friendless, and under the pressure of extreme necessity she accepted the position of lady's maid to one who in happier days had been her school-fellow, associate, and equal.

As for me, I had always been Emily's bosom friend, and never did she seem so dear to me as in her fallen fortunes.

Things came about so strangely. We two girls wept so bitterly the night before poor Emily went to her new home; who could have guessed that the thorny road she was about to travel would lead to a happier goal? and yet it proved so in the end.

I knew very well that it would be no easy matter to get along comfortably with Di—she had been so petted and humored by her uncle, and it was therefore almost as much of a surprise as a relief to me to find, for quite a time, things going on smoothly enough between mistress and maid; on the occasion of Di's grand birthday ball, however, I began to fear something had gone wrong, there had been such hauteur and temper shown towards Emily. So I questioned Di about it and her answer confirmed my fears.

"Emily is so absurdly proud," said she, pettishly.

"Would you believe that I actually invited her to be present at this ball as my companion and friend, and she refused? Old Mr. Braham (enormously rich) will be here. He's crazy for a handsome young wife; I want to present her, and just give him a hint, and who knows what might have happened but no. She's too proud to accept my favors, and I shall take care that she doesn't again have the chance of refusing them."

"But my dear Di!" cried I, in great surprise, for Di, in the character of Lady Bountiful was something extraordinary. "How could she be at the ball? What has she suitable to wear?"

She is in mourning and—

She interrupted with peevish impatience.

"That was all arranged; I would have given her a dress as handsome as my own—a white silk, trimmed with lilies. Mine, you see, is all warm pink and roses. We could have kept together, and formed the sweetest contrast; people would have named us the Lily and the Rose, but her stupid pride has spoiled my plans! she swept her trailing silks across the room until she stood before a large mirror. 'Ah!' she sighed, 'shouldn't I have been a little red rose with that elegant white lily beside me? My pleasure to-night is destroyed!'"

How I did laugh! Here was the secret of her wonderful benevolence, she wanted a foil for her charms. Still I wished she had not taken such a notion; she had a quick, passionate temper and wholly unused to ever having her slightest wishes crossed or denied, and it was possible she might conceive some wayward prejudice against her maid, whose position might thereby be made too painful to be endured; I resolved to see Emily alone at the very earliest opportunity.

A little before midnight the chance came, and I slipped away quietly to Di's bedroom. There sat Emily, pale and still, in a large armchair by the fire. Her tired head was thrown back against the purple cushions, her eyes closed, and her hands, that showed the color of cream among the folds of her black dress, lying loosely at rest upon her lap. I would not awake her, so stole on tiptoe across the room to the toilet table, intending to turn down the glowing gas, lest it should disturb her slumbers. But the glitter of some bright object on the table caught my eye, and I paused for one moment to examine it. It was a scent-bottle, the most perfect gem of its kind that I had ever seen. Made of some sort of beautifully cut crimson glass, it was all encrusted over with a kind of lace work of flagree gold; there was a brilliant star of rubies set in the top, and on one side, in rubies also the owners name "Diana Devlin."

Oh, it was exquisite! I gazed at it, and sniffed at it, and opened it, and shut it, and I felt as if I couldn't put it down. The beautiful thing fascinated me as the eye of a serpent might have done. I felt myself envying my cousin Di's rich possessions—(especially this!) with a bitterness that was not wholly innocent. Why should she have so many precious things and I scarcely any at all? Surely Heaven itself was wanting in justice when it gave that lovely smelling bottle to her instead of me! Just here I caught myself in the full career of my wicked thoughts, and checked them, laughing at my own folly; but I gave the bewitching gem a parting kiss before laying it down—I couldn't help it—and said to myself, by way of comfort under affliction, "if ever I have the luck to get a nice, rich husband, oh, won't I make him buy me the very counterpart of this!" At that minute I heard Di calling me, and, fearful that she might come up and wake poor Emily, I turned quickly, put down the gas, and closing the door softly behind me, and cramming my hankerchief and tablets, as I thought, into my pocket, ran down stairs.

The morning after the ball Cousin Di and her latest conquest, Doctor Rutherford (a perfect splendid fellow! How he could be attracted by that giddy, frivolous vanity was a mystery to me), were chatting in the drawing-room, while I sat by, feeling a spiteful pleasure in playing propriety, because he so evidently wished me out of the way. To this day I believe that but for my presence that he would have made a fool of himself and proposed to Di. Well, they were chatting, and he—for all he was naturally rather a grand and dignified sort of person—was looking "spooney" enough when Di said, sweetly, smiling up to his face:

"Please ring that bell, Doctor Rutherford—I want you to see my birthday gift from my dear papa." Then, to the servant who answered her summons: "Tell my maid to bring my new smelling bottle." she said; and, turning again to address: "You'll stay and lunch with us, will you not?"

He assented eagerly, and after a few compliments on his part, and laughing rejoinders on hers, the door was once more opened, and Emily appeared upon the threshold.

Shall I ever forget her as she looked at that moment, standing motionless for a second's space, just inside the room? The slight, black robed figure so pathetic in its mournful grace; the sad, dark eyes that seemed to hide a world of untold trouble in their

depths; the small head, crowned with simple bands of soft, brown hair, and lowered with slight but graceful reverence as she met her mistress's eyes, nay, even the catching of her breath and flushing of her cheek at finding herself in the presence of a stranger—these things are stereotyped like a picture on my memory, never to be obliterated.

"You sent for your smelling bottle, Miss Devlin," said she, and as her sweet voice stole into the room I saw Doctor Rutherford start, and look at her with evident interest and admiration. "I came to ask you where I should find it?"

Di looked at her in surprise. "You should be able to answer," replied she sharply; for the disobedient Lily was out of favor still. "It was lying on my toilet table when I left my room last night. Pray, did you not put it away?"

"No," replied Emily, coming a step or two nearer, her dislike to a stranger's presence forgotten in this new alarm. "No, Miss Devlin, I never touched it; I remember of seeing it on the table after you went down stairs, but I was so very much tired that I fell asleep for a little, and I have been searching for it everywhere in vain, if you have not got it, where—where can it be?"

"Where can it be?" repeated Di, loudly; flaming up all at once into a sudden passion. "It is you who will have to answer that question; and in a court of justice, too, if it is forthcoming immediately! What! a jewel like that disappear from my own room in my own house, while my maid is in charge, and she not know it? monstrous! A very pretty story, truly! You must think me credulous, indeed! Now listen—every servant in this house, except yourself, has lived with my father for years; you are the only stranger, and the bottle was left in your care. It is missing, and suspicion falls on you. If it is not found, or restored to me at once, I will have you arrested and taken to prison for theft, as surely as we both live!"

It is impossible to describe the rapidity and fury with which she poured forth these cruel words; then darting from the room like a madman, tore away up stairs where presently her raised voice was heard, passing from room to room, calling to her father and the servants to aid her in the search.

We, who remained behind—in whose midst this thunderbolt of rage and and threatening shame had fallen forth stood, for a second, transfixed by mingled horror and surprise; then Emily, with a piercing cry of anguish fell kneeling and moaning at my feet.

We raised her and put her in a chair. In vain I knelt before her, clasping her in my arms, and puring forth, alternately, protestation of confidence in her innocence to her, and incoherent explanations to the doctor, and to who and what she was—she neither spoke nor moved, nor seemed to hear, until, followed by her father and the servants and an officer, Di came rushing back into the room like an incarnate storm.

"I have searched everywhere!" she exclaimed.

"The jewel was left in the room with you—with you, who are known to be poor with a mother dependent on you! No one else came into the room—you were left alone! I accuse you Emily Graham, of having stolen my property; and if refuse to restore it at once, you will confess what you have done with it, I will give you in custody of the officer as a common thief!"

Then Emily, rising slowly to her feet turned her eye upon the man whom she seemed until that moment not to have observed, and a despairing moan escaped her; she clasped both hands convulsively above her heart, and a hot flush mounted for a minute to her face, dying again as quickly and leaving her ashen pale; then as the officer, at an imperious sign from Di, advanced and tapped her lightly on the shoulder, she shrank, through all her frame, as if a lightning flash had blasted her, and dropped, prone and senseless, at his feet.

Frankie with grief, I sprang to her side, and pushed the man away.

"I will never forgive you for this," said I, to Di "and if she goes to prison I go, too."

But here Uncle Devlin interfered. "There is not sufficient proof to warrant our giving her into custody," said he. "Di, my darling don't be too hasty—she is your cousin's friend. Take her home, Louisa; the poor girl may be innocent, after all?"

"I would swear to it!" cried Doctor Rutherford, earnestly, lifting her gently, as he spoke. "Miss Devlin will cer-

tainly regret the rashness with which she has made such a terrible charge?"

I looked at him—coming forward so generously to aid the stricken girl—and he seemed to be a hero.

He pale and grave, and he glanced at Di with undisguised displeasure. Instantly the thought flashed quickly through my mind.

"Di, had I not something else to-day besides her smelling-bottle, And so, indeed, it proved."

A month went by—a month of dangerous sickness for poor Emily, of unremitting kindness from Rutherford, who had installed himself as her physician, protector and friend.

Night and day he tended her, with a devotion that even her mother's care could scarce surpass; even in her delirium, his voice and touch could soothe her, and when, at last, the poor, crushed Lily was raised from her weary bed of pain, and looking like a broken flower, indeed, reclined in an easy chair among a mass of pillows, he took her white and wasted hand within his own, and kissing it fondly, implored her to become his wife.

"For you are my Guardian Angel," said he, "and I want to secure you for life. But for you I might have married that frivolous girl, for whom I felt an infatuation; but never love. Oh, my pale darling, tell me could you ever care for me enough to marry me?"

She looked at him with a mournful smile, and feebly nodded her head. "It must never be; I am not so ungrateful. I could care enough to die for you, dear friend. I do care—too much to marry you!"

At that he kissed her hand again, and she, blushing deeply, drew it gently away. He had received his answer.

Which, like a man, and a true lover, he utterly refused to accept, and at last she so far compromised her refusal as to say that if Di's bottle should ever be found, and her innocence clearly proved, she would marry him. That made him downright angry.

"What do I care for the bottle?" said he, "even if it never is found! Do you suppose I would have sought you for my wife if I were not assured of your innocence?" then with one trifling inconsistency of love, "besides, I don't care if you had taken it! one sin couldn't make a bad woman of my darling, though it might make you less of an angel perhaps. I should love you and you and marry you just the same. Oh, Emily, how can you trifle with a love like mine?"

He had been walking up and down the room in indignant agitation while he spoke, but stopped suddenly now, at a little distance from her chair. She arose from it, trembling—she was very weak still—and held out her poor thin arms; as she caught and strained her closely to his breast, she whispered weeping for very joy:

"I'll marry you when you please!"

So the wedding was fixed for a month hence, and I was to be bridesmaid, and I instituted a general examination of my effects to see what I had would "do" for the occasion; down on the floor in my own room I sat, and opened the trunk in which my ball room treasures were packed away; I took up the dress—carefully folded, after Di's Birthday Ball, by poor dear Emily's hands, and shook it out of its folds—I noticed that the pocket swung as if there was a heavy weight in it.

I put in my hand and drew forth my lace pocket hankerchief.

There was something more behind. I put in my hand again.

"My ivory tablets?"

Still there was something left—I couldn't imagine what—quickly I plunged my hand to the bottle once more, and felt at the unknown thing—"Good Heavens!"

The cry broke from my lips—I felt myself freezing cold; eager for, and yet dreading the evidence of sight as well as touch, I dragged the rough, hard object forth, and saw—

"Di's smelling bottle!"

Mother undertook to make all the explanations for I was ashamed to show my face. To think of all Emily had suffered—and through me, was unendurable. So I wrote her a pitiful note, saying that though I hoped, in time, that she might forgive me, I never could bear to meet her again, and should not be at the wedding. Oh, how humiliated and wretched I did feel. The note had gone, and mother had returned, and I was sitting alone, when a little rustling noise sounded beside me, and turning listlessly to see what it was I was clasped in Emily's arms.

So we were all quite happy at last, and they being married, my dear girl's troubles ended in joy and peace; out of the fiery furnace of affliction into which my

careless folly plunged her, she came forth at last white and spotless, wearing her Life's Crown of Honor and Love; and many a time, in her happy home, with husband children around her, she looks back I know—with a murmured thanksgiving for her blissfully altered lot to the days when, in poverty, and anguish, and despair, she accepted the position of "Di's MAID."

For the Independent.  
Freedom of the Press;

BY CROCIO.

The newspaper is the medium through which the thoughts and opinions of the learned are conveyed to the poorly educated; in which the questions of the day, are discussed and argued; and by which abstract theories, and general rules, are reduced to particular facts, and applied to individual cases. And thus, what would otherwise be unintelligible, is adapted to the limited understandings of the "great unwashed."

The humble little sheet, in whose preparation little care, and less time is taken, which the wisest men of antiquity were ignorant, but which, through the instrumentality of the press, has been placed within the reach of the humblest. What was the certain knowledge of Plato, of Socrates, or any other of the sages of Greece or Rome, compared to the knowledge of even our lower class of demagogues and political harangiers? What are axioms to the latter, were startling paradoxes to the former. And this has, to a great extent, been brought about by the giving of liberty to the press.

It has been an oft proved fact, that attempted suppression of newspapers debauches them and gives them an immoral tone. For they cannot be entirely suppressed, they will be published by stealth, and thus do more harm to the cause which their suppression was intended to advance, than if proper license had been granted them. For the habitual breaking of a law, no matter how tyrannical it may be, is a sure prelude to the breaking of others, and this will be seen to prove true in the case of the publisher of the paper, for his paper will go from bad to worse, and finally not only break the laws of man, but those of God. And the evil will spread, and the effect be seen on its readers, for a low state of public morals is always the contemporary of a debauched press; they go hand in hand; the degradation of the one is always the degradation of the other.

The train of thought pursued in this imperfect sketch, was suggested by the present condition of affairs in France. She has repeatedly tried the experiment of silencing her press by law, and repeatedly failed to accomplish any good by it. But not gaining wisdom by experience, she tries it once more, and, from all appearances, it seems likely to end as heretofore. As long as the government and the press go hand in hand, they both prosper; but so soon as a rupture occurs between them, they both suffer.

Of course there are limits to the liberty of the press, it must keep within the bounds of moderation; nor exceed the limits of decency. But, as a rule, the press of America is free from improprieties. It shows that it appreciates its privileges, and does not reward the clemency of the government with ingratitude.

The value of our newspapers—the good they accomplish—is not to be estimated. They are not made exclusive by their dearth. They instruct the poor man in his cottage as well as the pampered son of wealth. They reach all classes and conditions of men, and know no caste. It is by the press that the polity of a nation; its relation to other nations, and a full understanding of its laws and their administration, are laid before each individual citizen over whom it has control. Through it they may learn of the respective qualifications of different candidates for office, and thus avoid the result that would attend a haphazard election.

To enumerate all the advantages accruing from a free press, would require both too much time and space, but before concluding, we desire to touch one more part of the subject; i. e., the press itself and its writers. In England—strange inconsistency—where the widest freedom is allowed it, and its great usefulness fully appreciated, it is considered degrading for any of the upper ranks of society to contribute to its columns, and if done so at all is done so anonymously. Whereas in France, just over the Channel, the position is reversed.—The greatest politicians and nobles consider it an honor to do what in England is thought a disgrace. And in this country it is the same as in France, men, of all grades of society and political fame, write often for our papers, and to this, we may attribute the purity of our press. For we are then able to tell, by glancing at the name after an article,

whether or not, it is sound. For as long as no name is given, anything may be palmed off on a credulous public, without danger of being detected or punished. In conclusion we say, let the press remain free and untrammelled by tyrannical laws for its freedom, joined with its essential accompaniment—freedom of conscience—is the corner stone of our Virtue, our Liberty, and our Independence.

## A Light in the Window.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of retreating fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father; and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against "Lonely Rock," and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone.—She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor and weak; but she said in her heart, that while she lived, no more boats should be wrecked, no more boats should be lost on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through the window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she laid down and slept through the day; but when night fell, arose, and lighting a candle, placed it in the window, of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from sea, and guide him safely into the harbor. She sat by the candle all night and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one over to buy her rightly candle, and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fisherman, depending on it, have gone forth, cannot be told. There it stood, regular as a light house, steadily as constant care could make it. A ways brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view, and were safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

But what do the boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the poor woman? No; they are very poor; but whether poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of this would be inadequate to express their gratitude; or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget for the time the patient watcher within.

## An Affecting Story.

An affecting story comes to us from Oakland. It appears that a wealthy middle aged Englishman had become somewhat jealous of his young and pretty wife, a not uncommon incident, we are sorry to say, in the lives of the wealthy middle aged men in this part of the globe. A young New Yorker, with engaging manners and a cut away coat, was the cause of his disquietude, so the disturbed Benedict concluded to try the threadbare dodge of ostensibly going up to Sacramento for a week. The second day, however, he quietly returned, and let himself quietly into the house, as a domestic smelling committed of one. In the library were several coats of mail brought over from the shore of Albion's ancestral home. It struck him as a happy idea that he should hide in one of these, which he managed to do with great difficulty, as the armors were clamped upright to the floor, and he had great trouble in letting himself down into one, and then sawing everything all snug and tight afterwards. This done, he awaited developments. This was in the afternoon. To his great astonishment, 9 o'clock passed without any one calling, or his wife coming down stairs. About 1 a. m. he fell asleep through fatigue, and began snoring. The butler thought he heard burglars about, so he came down stairs in his night gown, with a double-barreled gun under his arm. The jealous gentleman had just begun to dream it was an iron-clad, when a handful of quail shot took him in the breast plate, and amid his terrified shrieks, the butler promptly put the other lead into the pierglass, under the impression that another burglar was drawing a bead on him; After the neighborhood was aroused the mistake was discovered, and the butler extracted by the aid of a blacksmith. Amid the snickers of the entire assembly the chagrined man crawled up stairs to his bed room. A small note was sticking on his pin cushion. His wife had eloped the morning before.



## Providence Independent.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1877.

Subscribers who fail to receive their papers regularly will Please notify us of the same.

It is conceded by a great many politicians of both parties that Pennsylvania will go Democratic this fall. Time answers all conundrums.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is at work on a monograph on Motley, the historian. Holmes writes everything for publication with a broad gold pen fixed into a quill handle. He has used this pen for twenty years, keeping a steel pen for writing "letters and that sort of thing."

THE late General Forrest was an illiterate man, although he rose to the rank of lieutenant general in the Confederate army. Some one asked him just before the close of the war, when his victories made him particularly conspicuous, what was the secret of his success. In his own homely way he said that it was by "gitting the most men thar fust."

THE Norristown Defender and Her Id are quarreling over the war record of Hart, candidate for State Treasurer on the Republican ticket. What one says to be true the other denies, and, for one who is not acquainted with the qualifications of Hart, to ascertain the truth in the matter it would require lightning perception. We can't see that a war record amounts to much in these days of political trickery and corruption.

THAT political hiring, Simon Cameron, the political corruptionist and wire puller, is not likely to be appointed Minister to England by President Hayes, and, his friends are becoming somewhat excited over the matter. It is supposed that Cameron would politely decline the offer, if made, but the President don't care about giving him that chance. Cameron's son is setting, and he will ever be remembered as the man who became wealthy by the emoluments of office, the political trickster, the man who disgraced the country by proposing Grant for the Presidency in 1880.

THE Republicans of Norristown, fearing that the colored vote might drift away with the tidal wave of "reformation," got the colored brethren together in old Ebenezer M. E. Church and gave them a good lecturing, charging them to think "calmly and sensibly," and to make matters wear a grave aspect—referred them back to the time when they were "sold like cattle to the highest bidder." It is evident that the Republicans of that aristocratic town want to be the "highest bidders" this fall. Both parties try to influence the "darks"—to feed them on roast beef a week or so before the election and afterwards give them the "slops." Perhaps the colored voters will learn some day to use their own judgment.

WOMEN who look under the bed for a man have been so successful of late in finding him that men will have to hunt up some more secure hiding place. The now well-known Miss Johnson found a man and pounded his head almost to jelly; a young woman in Ashland saw some masculine feet sticking out from under her bed and she ran into the street and woke up the neighborhood, while the masculine feet escaped; in Carbon county a banker's girl found a man under the bed and screamed until he jumped out the window, and now comes a case in West Virginia where the man was captured and turned over to the authorities. It is getting to be hazardous to hide under the bed now, and no really intelligent robber will think of such a thing. He knows better.

## Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25 '77.

I copy the following, which shows a new view of matters and things and forshadow the fate of civil service reform so lately marched in with such a flourish of trumpets. From what President Hayes has recently said to Congressmen who have called upon him, it can be fairly assured that he is weakening on the subject of his order prohibiting Federal officials from engaging in politics. Nineteen out of twenty Congressmen who have mentioned the subject have given their opinion that it was unwise and ill advised. Within the last week he has told several persons that the order has been misunderstood, and that it was not intended to deprive office-holders of their political privileges in taking active part in campaign after nominations had been made, but was intended only to prevent officials from controlling nominations by the use of their patronage, and doing what is familiarly known as running the machine. There are many officials, the President said, who have abused their power by attempting to control political matters and have brought discredit on the service, and those only are the men he intended to reach by the order. Heretofore the President has been understood as desirous of divorcing Federal officials entirely from politics, and this modification of his views will be received with favor in the States where elections are soon to be held.

It is impossible for a casual observer to note any difference in the manner public affairs are conducted since the reform fever set in, but doubtless its subtle workings are going on. Lobbyists have just as much business as ever. Efficient clerks are still dismissed to make room for some high officials relative's or friends, and the government machinery seems to have met with no change of motion.

Although the "season" has not yet begun in our city, we can safely predict a gay winter and one of prolonged festivities. Two reasons give grounds enough for this assertion; one is the fact that there is in the Diplomatic and other high-and-mighty families that go to make up what we term "society" an unusual number of well-educated, cultivated and fashionable young people, and the other that Ash Wednesday which closes our gay season, will fall on March 6, three weeks later than this year. Postmaster General Key and wife are at the Ebbett House where they propose remaining all winter. None of their nine children are with them. Their young lady daughter, who the public expected would be with them, is at school in Baltimore, her parents wisely considering her too young to enter society. Mrs. Key is a quiet unassuming lady, dignified but easy in her bearing, and a ready but deliberate talker.

Secretary McCrary has several young lady daughters, the eldest of whom appeared in Washington society first one evening last week, officiating as one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Stephens, of this city, who married Mr. Daniels, of St. Joseph, Mo., and who is a friend of Secretary McCrary. The Secretary of War has several children, all under twenty years of age. Secretary Evarts daughters are making many friends here already. They are thoroughly educated well-read and finely cultured young ladies, and such persons ever obtain ready appreciation when they come in contact with people of their own kind. Washington is naturally the home or resort of cultivated men and women, and the refinement to which the Misses Evarts have been reared is at once recognized. Attorney General Devens is about giving up the idea of keeping house somewhat to the disappointment of his friends—because his niece and sister-in-law, whom he expected to act as hostess for him, cannot come here this winter.

Congress seems to be doing very little as yet. The members will wake up soon to their work without doubt and buckle to with such a will as to speedily make up for the lost time. Mr. Blaine has been called to his home, in Maine, on account of an accident that has befallen his daughter Alice who was shot by the premature discharge of a toy pistol, the ball from which entered her face very near the eye, and at last accounts, had not been extracted. The telegram informing Senator Blaine of his daughter's mishap, so upset him as to bring on a chill and his physician forbade his leaving Washington Saturday evening as he was preparing to do.

The weather this week has been raw, windy and altogether fall like.

M. M. W.

## Two Attempts at Suicide.

HARRISBURG October 28.—Edward W. Fisher, of Huntingdon, made two attempts to commit suicide in this city last night. He had been out riding during the day with a disreputable woman and at night she discarded him in favor of another man. This slight induced him to take laudanum, and that not having the desired effect he purchased a revolver and while sitting in front of the woman's house placed the muzzle to what he supposed was the region of his heart and fired. The wound produced is not mortal.

## Trouble Among the Coopers.

A STRIKE IMMINENT—INCENDIARY FIRES AT PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG October 28.—A meeting of the principal barrel-makers was held Saturday, at which twenty of the leading firms were represented and resolutions were adopted to reduce the price of barrels from \$1.40 to \$1.30 and the wages of journeymen coopers from 23 to 18 cents a barrel. The journeymen will probably strike to-morrow morning. At an early hour this morning the cooper shops of D. B. Moore, together with the keg factory, were totally destroyed by fire. Loss, \$30,000; no insurance. A few minutes later a fire broke out on Cliff street, where a stable which had been fired was totally destroyed. About twenty minutes after this another fire was discovered in Clary's cooper shop, in Mulberry alley and shop and contents were entirely destroyed. Loss \$2,000. The fires were all incendiary, and it is believed that an organized effort was made by some one to burn the city. A man named James Melvin was arrested for attempting to fire a house on Locust street and is now in custody.

## Pennsylvania News.

Nearly all the workmen in Pittsburgh are now working except the coopers.

Joseph Hoch, a well known business man of Reading, died on Saturday aged 67.

Hon. James A. Harvey, formerly a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, died at Buck Mountain, Carbon county, on Saturday, of cancer.

A Michigan colony will leave Pittsburgh, November 1 to settle in Grand Travis county, where land can be purchased for \$6 to \$8 an acre.

Quite a number of timber rafts reached Marietta on the flood last week they were all from Shamokin, where they were purchased last summer.

The late cheese fair Meadville was a decided success. Nearly all the Western and Middle States were represented, and even Kansas and Nebraska exhibited samples.

The nail feeders at the Aetna Iron Works, New Castle, work from six in the morning to eight at night. The iron business in that city is said to be better now than it has been for two or three years.

Oil has been found oozing from a rock about nine miles from Punxsatawney, Jefferson county, and all the inhabitants are getting ready to bore wells. There is nothing like oil to arouse enthusiasm in a Pennsylvania county.

Meyer, the murderer of Constable Noeman, at Terantum, Allegheny county, is said to be still hiding in Butler county. Constable Mofford, of Tallacava, and Peter Kramer, of Glade Mills, report that they are on the track of the fugitive and that his arrest is only a question of time.

The Oil City Derrick says that an electric alarm bell, for indicating the time for commencement and suspensions of business, has been placed in the Oil Exchange by the Western Union Telegraph Company. Similar one are to be placed in the exchanges at New York, and Edenburg, St. Petersburg, Parker and Titusville. They will be attached to the wires of the Western Union and sounded at precisely the same time.

## GENERAL NEWS.

Ten thousand people participated in a Labor-Greenback party torchlight procession and mass meeting at Pittsburgh Saturday night.

The bark Petronelli, from Philadelphia for England, is ashore near Gabrone, Cape Breton, and has been condemned to be sold for the benefit of the underwriters.

A Hatien bark, name unknown, from Philadelphia for England, sprung a leak at Belfry Beach, Cape Breton, on Monday, and was run ashore.

The jury in the case of Edward Costly, charged with murder of his cousin, Solomon Costly, near Liberty, Maryland, on April 4 last Tuesday brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree.

In the four-mile double-scutt race, in working boats, in Newburg bay (N. Y.) Saturday, between Ellis and Daniel Ward, of Cornwall, and Arthur Maggin and Albert Darragh, of Newburg, the former were victorious. Time, 28 minutes 41 seconds.

The examination by experts of the affairs of the National Bridgewater, Mass., Savings bank shows the total loss to depositors, through the irregularities of E. Southworth, late treasurer, will be eighty thousand dollars. Mr. Southworth died about eight months ago.

An unknown man entered the house of E. S. McVey, six miles north of Chillicothe, Ohio, Friday night and shot him through the heart and his wife through the head, killing both instantly. The murderer, after ransacking the house for plunder, set fire to it and escaped to the woods.

## DRUGS.

IF YOU WANT

STRICTLY PURE DRUGS!

AND A RELIABLE PERSON TO WAIT ON YOU CALL AT

I. M. BUCKWALTER,

Wholesale and Retail Druggist,

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## Miscellany.

Kansas is almost exactly in the centre of the United States.

Some sixty Indians are still prisoners in the Fort at St. Augustine, Fla.

Why it rains in very hot weather—The heat opens the pores of the clouds.

Several new railroad lines are to be built in Florida during the present season.

It was estimated that in 1834 the number of duels in England averaged about five a month.

When a man gets so low down that nobody will lie about him, he had better turn over a new leaf.

Ten years from now stealing will have become a thing of the past. There will be nothing to steal.

Egg flippancy—'Confound, it water! how long do you keep eggs?' 'Till they're ate, sor.'

Prof. Hall began life as a carpenter, married a school teacher, saved his money, and now has two whole moons.

There are beautiful marm soda springs in Colorado, and people who go bathing in them at once exclaim: O, but this is soda-licious.

A drummer who is away traveling nine months out of twelve, facetiously alludes to his wife as his 'while 'ome companion and friend.'

It requires several days' practice for the schoolboy to become as proficient in the use of the paper wad as he was at the close of last season.

Among the one hundred and twenty-four ships struck off the English register recently, was one built in 1756 and another launched in 1788.

A Western paper speaks of "a tramp with a half-jaunty air about him." Most of them do have a sort of demi-johny air about them, that's a fact.

The mind of the tramp is filled with pleasant anticipations of the season when the charity of the world takes the form of cold buck-wheat cakes.

The Oil City Derrick says: We don't care a cent what becomes of the last man, or the first either. It is what is to become of the intermediate fellows that interests us.

A man who has been an inveterate smoker for twenty years has suddenly and permanently given up the practice. He knocked the ashes of his pipe into a keg of blasting powder.

Russian to Turk who receives a bayonet thrust—'But, my poor Turk, you don't seem to object?' Turk—'It is the first time in eight days that anything has gone into my stomach.'

If there is any young man to be pitied about this time it's the one who bought a new \$60 overcoat on borrowed money during the first cold spell about three weeks ago, and had had it hung up in the closet ever since.

The Yeoman (Ky.) records this evidence of sublime faith: A hopeful minister says he has no doubt that the time will come when the members of a church choir will behave just the same as other folks during divine service.

The leaves are turning slowly yellow, their summer's hue is hence; the ripening fruit is on the mellow, the small boy on the fence. He looks around, he views the ground, and thinks the moment suits; he fills his pockets full and round, then jumps the fence and scoots.

Dartmouth students have decided to wear caps and gowns, a servile aping of Vassar, where they all wear them, especially at night.

## L. H. Ingram,

MANUFACTURER OF

## Boots and Shoes,

Collegeville, Pa.

## SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP!

## GOOD MATERIAL!

## Satisfaction Guaranteed.

## REPAIRING

## Promptly Attended to.

## NOTICE NOTICE!

Having made a large Addition of

## NEW TYPE!

To our heretofore well assorted stock, we are fully prepared to execute all kinds of

## JOB WORK!

In the Neatest and Best Style, Such as

## Posters

CIRCULARS, BULL-HEADS, STATEMENTS, CARDS, PROGRAMMES, RECEIPTS &c., &c.

Our Terms Correspond with the STRINGENCY of THE TIMES, And we Respectfully

## Invite Patronage!

A FIRST-CLASS

## PARLOR ORGAN,

## SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

## PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT.

Published Weekly,

\$1.00 Per ANNUM,

In Advance.

It is our purpose to publish a Spirit and News Paper, and intend to present to our readers, interesting reading matter every week.

## GIVE US A TRIAL.

## E. F. Kunkle's Bitter Wine of Iron.

E. F. Kunkle's celebrated Bitter Wine of Iron will effectively cure liver complaint, jaundice, dyspepsia, chronic or nervous debility, chronic diarrhoea, disease of the kidneys, all diseases arising from a disordered liver, stomach or intestines, such as constipation, flatulence, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sore cruetation, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, head, chest, limbs, etc., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil and great depression of spirits. Price \$1 per bottle. Beware of counterfeits. Do not let your druggist palm off some other preparation of iron he may say it is as good, but ask for Kunkle's Bitter Wine of Iron. Take no other. Kunkle's Bitter Wine of Iron is not sold in bulk—only in \$1 bottles. E. F. Kunkle, Proprietor, No. 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

**TAP WORM REMOVED ALIVE.** Head and all complete, in two hours. No fee till head passes. Sent, Pin and Stomach Worms removed by Dr. Kunkle, 23 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Sent for circulars. For removing Seat, Pin, or Stomach Worms call on your druggist and ask for a bottle of Kunkle's Worm Syrup, price \$1. It never fails. Common sense teaches if Tap Worm be removed, all other worms can be readily removed.

**E. F. KUNKLE'S LUSTRAL & E. F. KUNKLE'S SHAMPOO FOR THE HAIR.** The best and cheapest hair dressing and hair cleaner in the world. They remove dandruff, allay irritation, soothe and cool the heated scalp, prevent the hair from falling off, and promote the growth in a very short time. They preserve and beautify the hair, and render it soft and glossy. They impart a brilliancy and a silky appearance to braids and wavy hair, and as a hair dressing they are unrivalled; eradicate dandruff and prevent baldness. The Shampoo cleans the hair, removes grease, scrub, itching, eruption. Cures head ache produced by heat and fatigue. Kunkle's Shampoo and Lustral restore hair to a natural and glossy color, restore faded, dry, harsh and wavy hair. Price per bottle \$1. Ask your druggist for them, or send to E. F. Kunkle, Proprietor, No. 259 North Ninth St. Phila., Pa. aug23-2m.

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To Stop in at

## S. S. AUGEE'S,

COLLEGEVILLE,

If you wish a Fresh Glass of

## LAGER BEER!

Drawn from the pump. Or if you wish a plate of good

## Raw Oysters,

OR AN

## OYSTER STEW!

Go to S. S. AUGEE'S

Families Supplied with Oysters

He has also constantly on hand?

CHOICE CIGARS, SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO, CONFECTIONERIES

Notions of every variety, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c., &c., &c. sep13-1m

## FOR SALE.

A Lot of Whiskey!

## BARRELS & KEGS.

ALSO

## CARRIAGES

New and Second Hand. APPLY TO

J. W. S. Gross,

LAMB HOTEL, TRAPPE, PA.

A FIRST-CLASS

## PARLOR ORGAN,

## For Sale.

The above was manufactured by Daniel F. Beatty, one of the acknowledged best Piano Organ manufacturers in this country. This instrument has

## 12 STOPS,

Elaborately finished in latest style and would make a splendid ornament for any parlor.

For clearness of tone, strength and durability it is not surpassed.

## Terms Very Cheap.

APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

## ARE YOU GOING TO FAINT? Then buy the N. Y. Enamel Paint Co.'s Chemical PAINT

And save one third the cost of painting, and get a paint that is much handsomer, and it last twice as long as any other paint. It is prepared ready for use in white or any color desired. It is used in many thousands of the finest buildings in the country, many of which have been painted six years and now look as well as when first painted. This Chemical Paint has taken first premium at twenty of the State Fairs of the Union. Sample card of colors sent free. Address, N. Y. Enamel Paint Co., 108 Chambers St., N. Y. or Miller Bros., 109 Water Street, Cleveland, O. jan25-1y

## J. P. KOONS,

## PRACTICAL SLATER,

RAHN'S STATION, PA.

Also dealer in all kinds of roofing, flagging and ornamental slate. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Old roofs re-roofed. Give him a trial. feb15-3m

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## Justice of the Peace,

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Represents good Fire, Storm and Life Insurance Companies.

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## PRACTISING PHYSICIANS,

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## RICHARDS & SALLADE,

## Bread and Fancy Cake Bakers.

The above firm manufacture all kinds of

## CAKES and CHOICE BREAD.

All those desirous of possessing good Bread and Cakes will do well to give them a trial. He also manufactures and sells

## ICE CREAM!

Parties and Pic-Nics supplied at short notice.

FREELAND, MONTGOMERY CO. sep23-3mos

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## BANKERS,

NORRISTOWN, PA.

5 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Deposits subject to check at 10 days notice. 4 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Deposits subject to check at sight. Negotiable paper purchased. Money loaned on Bonds, Mortgages, Stocks. Drafts for Sale on England, Ireland, Germany and other places. Passage tickets by the American line of ocean steamers. Railroad and other Stocks bought and sold on commission. Gold, Silver and Government Bonds bought and sold. Safe deposit boxes in burglar-proof vault to rent. nov23-1y

## J. M. Albertson & Sons,

OWNERS AND PROPRIETORS OF THE

## Star Glass Works,

NORRISTOWN, PA.

Manufacture a superior quality of

## WINDOW GLASS AND SHADES!!

Warranted not to stain. nov28-1y

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## AUCTIONEER!

COLLEGEVILLE P. O.

Montgomery county, Pa.

## LIMERICK SQUARE

## MARBLE WORKS,

Established 1865.

## GILMORE & CO., Attorneys at Law,

successors to Chipman, Hosmer & Co.

229 F Street, Washington, D. C.

American and Foreign Patents.

Patents procured in all countries. No FEE IN ADVANCE. No charge unless the patent is granted. No fees for making preliminary examinations. Special attention given to Interference cases before the Patent Office. Extensions before Congress. Infringement suits in different States, and all litigation pertaining to Inventions or Patents. SEND STAMP FOR FOLDER OF SIXTY PAGES.

United States Courts and Departments.

Claims presented in the Supreme Court of the United States, Court of Claims, Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims, Southern Claims Commission, and all claims of war claims before the Executive Departments.

Arrangements of Pay and Bounty.

Officers, soldiers, and sailors of the late war, or of their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government, of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp, and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free.

Pensions.

All officers, soldiers, and sailors wounded, captured, or injured in the late war, however slightly, can obtain a pension, many now receiving pensions are entitled to an increase. Send stamp and information will be furnished free. Claimants, whose claims have been suspended, will be gratuitously furnished with full information and proper papers on application to us.

As we charge no fee unless successful, stamps for return postage should be sent us.

United States General Land Office.

Connected Land Cases, Private Land Claims Mining Pre-emption cases, Homestead Cases, prosecuted before the General Land Office and Department of the Interior.

Old Bounty Land Warrants.

Weyan cash for them. Where assignments are imperfect, we give instructions to perfect them.

Mail Contractors and others.

We act as attorneys for such in procuring contracts, making collections, negotiating loans, and attending to all business confided to us. Liberal arrangements made with attorneys in all classes of business.

Address GILMORE & CO., P. O. Box 44, Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 24, 1876.

I take pleasure in expressing my entire confidence in the responsibility and ability of the Law, Patent and Collection House of Gilmore & Co. of this city.

GEO. H. B. WHITE, (Clerk of the National Metropolitan Bank)

The 43th Academic Year of Washington Hall Collegiate Institute Will begin SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1877. A. RAMBO, Principal. TRAPPE, PA.

## BARNES FOOT POWER

## MACHINE.

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